

# Tried and Trusted Retainers.

Colored Men Who Have Grown Gray in the Service of Racing Associations and in Whom Great Confidence Is Reposed.

Racing anywhere in America without its quota of colored trainers, jockeys, servants, cooks, barbers, stable lads and hangers-on generally would lack half its picturesque effect. In the North, ever since the early days at Jerome Park, when racing began to be a fashionable sport, places of trust about the tracks in serving capacities have been filled almost exclusively by colored men. Many of them have grown old in service. Their fidelity has often been proven. By the veterans among the clubmen they are regarded with a degree of confidence seldom accorded to any but old and tried domestics.

One of the best known of these servants of the race tracks is "Bute" Thompson. "Bute" has been a familiar figure on Eastern race courses for the last thirty years. He has seen about all the great equine contests within that period. The accuracy of detail with which he can describe some of the famous races of a generation ago is little short of marvellous. In fact, he puts his memory to practical use in the Winter time, and much of his Winter income is derived from bets that he wins from his colored brethren at Gravesend and Sheepshead Bay on questions of fact relating to turf contests.

"Bute," when occasion offers around the Winter fire, adroitly leads up to some incident that happened on the turf years ago. He carries the argument to the point of a satisfactory wager. Then he posts off to the offices of the Brooklyn Jockey Club in Brooklyn, and prevails upon Colonel McIntyre to look up the race in dispute in the guides. Armed with this awe-inspiring evidence, "Bute" goes back home and collects his bet from his less fortunate adversary.

"Bute" weighs about 235 pounds. He is pretty nearly as broad as he is long, and is the quintessence of good-nature and politeness. At Gravesend and Morris Park he is employed around the offices of the secretaries as a sort of general utility man. Besides, he cares for the racing glasses of club members, and takes charge of the watches, jewelry and other valuables of some of the jockeys when they are riding. For these minor services "Bute," of course, receives gratuities which, except in rare instances, amount to considerably more than a mere "thank you." When not "officially" engaged, "Bute" whittles away the time laying odds in the paddock for rubbers, stable boys, etc. He can neither read nor write, and so he has invented a peculiar system, all his own. He carries a pad, and as each bet is recorded he makes some cabalistic mark that will enable him to associate the bet with the bettor.

"Bute's" speculation was in flourishing condition up to Saturday, July 4. On that day, as he expressed it, he "look in all the snicker money that came along" to the last race. Then some of his clients, who had the tip, made a run on Red Pat at 6 to 1, and "Bute" had to go out of business temporarily. Like his more pretentious confederates of the Metropolitan Turf Club, "Bute" has his ups and downs. A few years ago, at Elizabeth, he ran a \$5 note into the thousands. All his winnings went on a "good thing," Tipstaff, at 4 to 1, and Tipstaff lost.

The morning after Colonel Ruppert's sale "Bute" bought a paper and absorbed a stable boy into reading the news for him. All went well until the paragraph was reached which stated that W. B. Gilpin had bought Sport for \$20,000. "Bute" called a halt. "Stop right there," said he. "Don't read no more. Why don't you say anybody buys a horse to give him a home? I don't believe it. Why, there's old War Eagle. I expect somebody paid \$50 for him to give him a home, and now you can find him every day outside the gate there hauling people over here from Sheepshead Bay." Colonel McIntyre considers "Bute" as one of his family. He has a room at the

much racing as any contemporary patron of the turf is Christopher "Kirk" King, born Newark, N. J., and an old and faithful servant of the Coney Island Jockey Club. King is the exact opposite of "Bute." He is a man of great dignity of character, and one whom, unless you knew him well, you would hesitate to address without using the prefix "Mister." King has been with the Coney Island Jockey Club ever since the club was organized, and he is highly esteemed by all the members and officials, who have the most implicit confidence in him. He has a little room in the club house and sleeps here during the race meetings. He is the custodian of such a varied assortment of articles, especially on a big day, that his room is in a curio shop. And whatever is put in



his charge is as secure as if it were in a safe. King is employed as a sort of assistant safekeeper deposit vault. and utility man in the secretary's office. He is Mr. Crickmore's right bower, and without him I suspect "Kirk" would conclude that racing would have to come to a standstill. King is also an assistant at the horse shows, where he performs about the same duties as at the race track. In the Winter time he does odd chores around the office of the racing associations in New York and is a valuable man to two or three well known auctioneers in making out inventories of furniture, household effects, etc. He served in the war on the United States gunboat Pembina, of the South Atlantic blockading squadron. He remembers the Fashion-Trotting race in 1865, and can tell many interesting reminiscences of this and other famous contests.

George Watson is another faithful servant of the Coney Island Jockey Club. He is a man of about 40 years of age, and has been with the club since the first opening and had previously served with the American Jockey Club at Jerome Park. He is in attendance upon the Executive Committee, and waits on the members, officials, etc. He is about thirty-five years old and was born in Washington.

Watson is quite a character. He lives in New York and is something of a politician and orator among the colored people in his district. He is a leader in getting up political meetings, church societies, etc. His ideas are liberal, however, and his activity in church affairs does not prevent him from aiding colored youth to master the art of terpsichorean in the Winter time, nor from taking more than a passing interest in the cake walks that are so prominent a feature of the colored people's recreation in the Winter season.

Watson accompanied General Butterfield, of the Coney Island Jockey Club, to the St. Louis Convention. He is a sound money man and looks forward to a berth in the White House if Major McKinley is elected. Through the influence of General Butterfield, Mr. Bradford, Colonel Fellows and other members of the Coney Island Jockey Club, Watson secured an appointment as messenger in the committee appointed by Senator Hawley, of Connecticut, to decorate unknown graves of soldiers in Arlington Cemetery. Watson says he is himself decorated 10,000 graves. He has often been employed around the Capitol at Washington. In the Winter of 1878-80 he worked in the courtroom of the House of Representatives. Watson is president of the Twenty-seventh Assembly District Republican Club. He is one of the most active and prominent colored men in the city in political affairs. A year or two ago he was instrumental in establishing two kindergartens for colored children in his district, both of which have since collected the sympathies of prominent ladies and are now in a flourishing condition.

Samuel A. Tylar, "Samson," as he is called, has charge of the stewards' stand at Sheepshead Bay. Tylar is about forty-three years old, and was born in Washington. He has been employed at the race tracks since 1878. In the Winter he goes home to Washington and works around the White House and the Capitol. "Samson" is noted for his punctuality. Every morning he is at Sheepshead Bay bright and early, and busies himself about the stewards' stand in dosing and getting things ready for the races. He is as regular as clockwork. If he did not appear at the club house or in the interior department punctually at certain hours for such articles as may be required at the stewards' stand, a general alarm would probably be sent out to ascertain if an accident had befallen him. Orders are strict to allow no one to enter the stewards' stand but the officials, and President Cleveland himself could not gain admission while "Samson" is on duty.

Next to King, "Colonel" William B. Turner is one of the oldest colored servants around the race tracks. He is sixty-nine years old, and was born in New York City. Turner had charge of the stewards' stand at Westchester this year, but at Coney Island, on account of the more difficult position, he was transferred to the club house a year or two ago and "Samson" put in charge at the stewards' stand. He checks coats,

glasses, etc., for the seven or eight hundred club members at Sheepshead Bay. Turner is well known to such old race coursers as John Hunter, Mr. Bradford, Mr. Keene, Colonel Fellows, Mr. Galway, etc. He was formerly with the American Jockey Club.

The origin of Turner's military title is explained this way: During the war he organized a company of volunteers. The

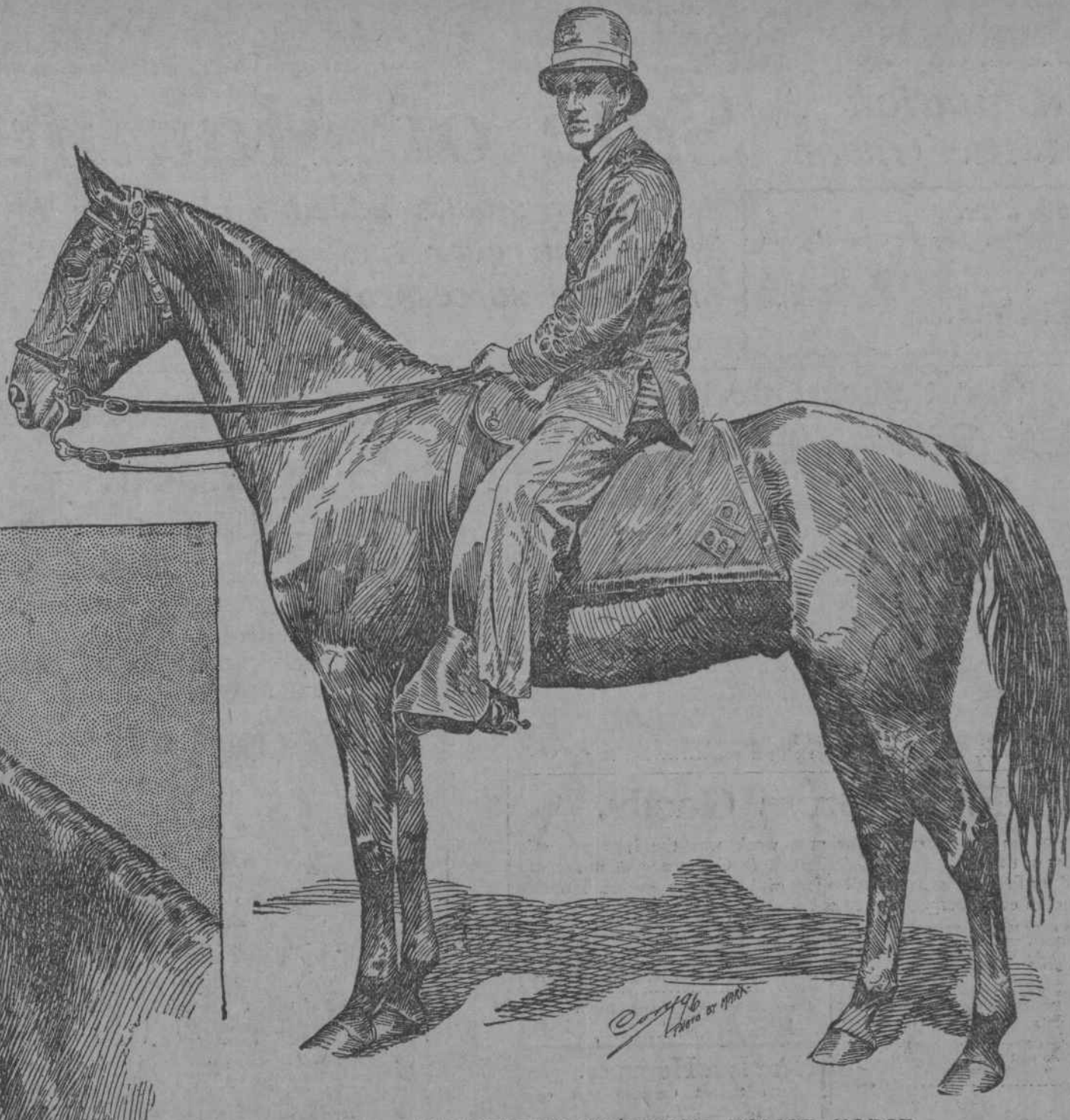


Union League Club presented them with a banner, and as the colonel puts it, "When the other companies reported for duty at the front my recruits were among the first to go and see the brave fellows off." Volume might be written about eccentric characters among colored habiles of the racetrack. There was "Count" Warren, who had been an attendant on club members for a score of years, and who died a year or two ago. The "Count" always appeared in a most extraordinary costume of checked flannel, a flaming necktie and a low-crowned derby. He was a Chesterfield of politeness. To see him, when meeting some gentlemen that he knew, lift his derby with one hand and salute with the other was worth more than to witness the day's racing.

Jim, Starter, Caldwell's famous assistant, also died a year or so ago. At sporting event was complete without Jim.



He was one of the most popular colored men in the city. Deep-junged, loud-voiced "Touner" every race-goer who journeyed to Monmouth Park by boat in the old days will surely remember. On the way to or from the track "Touner" invariably gathered a crowd of roustabouts, touts, etc., around him. The arguments that ensued about religion, politics, racing and a little of everything else, were quite up to the mark of high-class vaudeville in entertaining capacity. "Touner" has been an absentee from the Eastern racetracks for two or three years. I believe he is alive



## BROOKLYN'S CHAMPION POLICE HORSE.

Mounted Policeman George W. Carrouger is prouder of nothing on earth than his horse, Journal, whose name was until a week or two ago Rags. Journal is trained like a race horse, being jogged, trotted, galloped, rubbed down and cooled out in regulation style. That the result is eminently satisfactory the illustration shows. The horse has taken several prizes for policemen's mounts in the ring. He belongs to the new type of horses that Police Commissioner Wells is now purchasing for his men. They cost much less money than the old stamp, which fetched on an average \$250, and are more satisfactory.

and flourishing somewhere. Probably he is on the Western circuit.

The Journal's photographer had many funny experiences in securing pictures of the colored men above referred to. "Colonel" Turner was "taken" about 10 o'clock in the morning, just as he was rubbing down the bulletin board at Gravesend. Mr. Marx had much to account for. He conveyed the impression that he was getting ready to take the grandstand, and the mischief was done without the "Colonel" being any the wiser.

Subsequently Colonel McIntyre told Turner that a man had been around there, had got his photograph, and was selling thousands of them. Turner immediately hunted up Mr. Marx and wanted to know what he had done. He was told that the "Colonel" very reasonably seemed to think that he ought to stand in with the deal at least to the extent of a picture.

In the case of Tylar, the assistant starter, was a party to an atrocious conspiracy. He engaged "Samson" in conversation in the judges' stand, and despite the suppressed merriment of Superintendent Clarke and Judge McDowell, the instrument was snatched in time to get a good picture.

Watson, when asked for his picture, wanted to know if it was for the Journal, and he had to have documentary evidence to that effect before he would consent. A great deal of diplomacy had to be employed in the case of Mr. King. At first even the kindly requests of officials had no effect, but the old gentleman finally consented if the artist "would get there early in the morning when no one was around." With this concession to Mr. King's modesty everything went smoothly.

S. B. WEIGMS.

## AMENDMENTS TO RULES.

Stewards of the Jockey Club Made Some Important Ones Last Week, Modifying Regulations.

The Stewards of the Jockey Club last week made some amendments in the Rules of Racing, of which two at least are of the first importance to the rank and file of racing men. Both changes were in the nature of modifications of the previously existing rules, which were found too harsh and rigid to work well in practice, however well they might sound in theory.

In the first instance Rule 4, forbidding the giving of more than one start, was changed to allow a horse to be started for a distance less than a mile, for horses three years old and upward, on any day, but was made to apply only after June 1 in each year. The experience of the present season at Benning, Aqueduct and Morris Park had emphasized the idea that had already gained considerable ground, that for early meetings the rule is impracticable. This year an extremely backward start rendered the matter more evident than ever and doubtless decided what had already been thoroughly discussed. It is not probable that this amendment was proposed by Mr. August Belmont, who has shown beyond a peradventure that he is the most determined stickler for the elevation of the standard of racing whenever this is feasible.

The second amendment referred to has reference to Rule 39 in regard to claiming names for two-year-olds. Under this rule as it previously stood, no name could be claimed for a horse, even if its foal registration had been duly made, if the horse had neglected to do so by March 1 of its two-year-old year. Hence such a horse was useless for racing purposes on any course conducted under the jurisdiction of the Jockey Club, whether licensed or otherwise.

Provision is now made for a \$50 fine and a suspension from racing for a year if a horse is permitted to name a horse at least two days before its first start in a race. So far, so good. The Stewards have shown that they are not afraid to retract impracticable rules or adapt them to the conditions. This is an excellent thing in itself, for it is not capricious or hypocritical. It shows that the Stewards are determined to say that several of the rules that have been framed of recent years were not adapted to prevalent conditions. Sometimes this arose through too close adherence to the English model, sometimes through the desire to accomplish in a year that which it would have been more reasonable to expect to accomplish in a decade.

Having paved the way, it would be good policy for the stewards to permit a further relaxation of Rule 38, in regard to foal registration. A sample instance of a case where injustice was done through the stringency of this rule was lately quoted in the Journal, and such are sure to turn up from time to time. It would be highly inadvisable to make the rules so slack as to be inoperative in effecting the end desired when these registration rules were drawn up, but such would not be the result of amending the last section of the rule. This reads as follows:

If it be proved to the satisfaction of the stewards of the Jockey Club that the failure of

registration be unintentional or accidental, such registration may be permitted by the payment of a fine of \$10 for the registration, provided such application be made on or before December 31 of each year.

Thus the only leeway allowed is from November 1 of the year in which horses are foaled, till December 31, of the same year. After that a horse cannot be registered in any shape or form, except by such special dispensation as the stewards appear unwilling to ever grant. It is difficult to see how harm could be done by extending the time till, say, March 1, of a horse's two-year-old year, when the penalty for failure to comply with the rule

## COURSE AND PADDOCK.

All this, if the messenger correctly reported to the stewards, was grossly disrespectful, not to say impertinent. On many a Western race track it would have resulted in immediate cutting off. At best it must have counted seriously against the Laurette Stable when their case came up for consideration, because it showed not only lack of courtesy, but might be construed as meaning that the Laurette people desired time before they were interviewed by the stewards.

In connection with recent changes of form and the unrest and dissatisfaction resulting therefrom, it may be said that the present season, especially for the last month or six weeks,



"Bute" Thompson.

earlier could be proven unintentional or accidental. The fine, or fines, might be put on a sliding scale, according to the date. For example, the \$10 fine might stand till December 31, and \$20 till January 1, of the two-year-old year. After that the fine might well be made \$200. These figures, it seems, would be sufficient to prevent any man from indulging himself in carelessness to an unwarrentable extent, while the extension of the limit would not furnish any excuse for neglect to the stewards, who are the ultimate arbiters in the matter among the prominent breeders. That the change would in any way interfere with the absolute identification of any particular horse, the ultimate object of the whole system, is not, moreover, at all apparent.

The other change in the rules made last week by the stewards provides immunity for breeders in produce races, or races for which nominations of foals are made, from the penalty which would otherwise be exacted if entries are duly filed prior to the date of the first declaration. This is a good, common sense arrangement that should produce practical results in the shape of increased entries for such events as are named.

It cannot fail to be satisfactory to all who want to see the turf prosper when the stewards adopt such well-balanced, well-thought-out changes. More good must inevitably result from such pruning than from a revision of the rules as a whole. The latter proceeding frequently leads to contradictions, of which one or two exist at the present time, but when points which would apparently stand alteration with advantage are taken up and considered piecemeal, the conclusions arrived at have inevitably a greater chance of being applicable to the conditions.

FRANCIS TREVELYAN.

# ORIGIN OF THE HACKNEY.

Arguments Which Serve to Show That It Descends from Ancient British Blood.

Even When the Romans Had Crossed the Channel They Found "Itinerarii" or Road Horses.

SAXON AND DANE PRIZED THE BREED.

Yet Some Brilliant Students of Trotting Lore Attempt to Disparage the Imported Roadster, Denying Its Claims to an Ancient Lineage.

"What was the little 'Norfolk trotter,' anyway?"

At the present stage of the game it is positively amusing to have such a question propounded by a writer on horse topics and particularly by a brilliant student of trotting horse lore. Yet such queries pop up serenely from even the most learned sources.

It is also refreshing to have the searcher after points on the Norfolk trotter hint that "provided the purely standard trotter cannot be made, by selection, to produce the most desirable high acting harness horse, there is a shorter cut—by cross-breeding—for supplying a profitable demand, viz., sending under class trotting mares to hackney and French coach stallions." So far as the French coach horse is concerned, the inquirer admits that "one well-known breeder of prize trotting stock abandoned it almost before the experiment matured, and sold most of the stock off young and unbroken for a mere song, it being regarded at the time as neither dash, dash nor good red herring." He further confesses "never to have studied the results of crossing the hackney on trotting mares, but sees no reason why they should not be successful, where the latter are large enough, and believes that, like the old-style Morgans and Black Hawks of fifty years ago, the handsomest specimens were apt to be undervalued. He then proceeds to tell us that "he does not know where the hackney breed secured its strut and swell and greatest pomp, nor the hackney strains back to thoroughbred foundations, but along with many crosses unaccounted for."

Now, it may or may not be news to my trotting friends that the Romans, when they landed in England, distinguished accurately go fewer than eight classes of horses, according to the action or the use to which they were put. The hackney, or common road horse, were denominated *Itinerarii*, and the ambler or pacer *Amblatoriarii*. It is not difficult to trace the descent of the hackney from the *Itinerarii*, and the British had in use when Julius Caesar landed, and which he admitted were so highly trained as to have given the islanders a temporary advantage over the invading Roman foot soldiers. When Rome withdrew her army and Britain fell to the Saxons, the horses, as already mentioned, proved, were left in the island and the purpose of the new settlers.

The *Itinerarii* were used in the days of that they helped to maintain the of horse stock. It is well known that the hackney was a cross between the breed of horses, small, dumpy, and it has always been understood that the hackney was a cross between the *Itinerarii* and Suffolk. The *Itinerarii* were the variety of road horses for which the Norsemen and the English have long been famous. The horses of Norway were "round-made, but with clean, hard limbs; their best pace was the trot, and they were particularly sure-footed in their own rough country."

The modern Hackney and the modern trotter really date from one source in that the blood of Blaise, son of Flying Childers, by the Dancer Arabella, is the fountain head of both the Messenger-Abdallah-Hambletonian line and the hackney. Blaise sired Sampson, the race horse, and he begat Engster, and he in turn sired Hambleton, who got Messenger; and Messenger was the grand sire of Abdallah, who was bred to the Kent mare, and the result was Hambletonian X.

Turning back to Blaise we find that in 1754 his union with an English trotting mare got Shalieu, who in hackney circles is spoken of as "The Original." Shalieu got Driver, the horse that trotted against old Mashland Shales in August, 1830, on the Swaffham road, old Farmer Spinks, who weighed 168 pounds, and was over sixty years of age, riding the latter, and doing with ease seventeen miles within the hour. Driver was the sire of Fireway, and he got Pretender, who sired Belfounder, and his son, also named Belfounder, came to Boston in 1822, and was taken charge of on Colonel Jacques's farm, at Charlestown, Mass. He stood in this gentleman's stable until December, 1828, when he was leased, and stood at the farm of Timothy Kiskadee, near Washingtonville, Orange County, N. Y. Belfounder begot the Kent mare that got Hambletonian X.

In Hambletonian, therefore, the two streams diverging from Blaise are united in a most curious current, the one having come through original thoroughbred lines, while the other came through the line of trotting families, the trotting leaven being stronger as the proportion of ancient blood is lessened.

When, therefore, trotting men speak lightly of hackney, it denotes a lack of knowledge of the breed and of the characteristics of the breed or family.

The hackney is destined to play an important part in the future production of road and trotting horses. With the tall, somewhat heavy, and somewhat awkward cut short and a heavy shoe removed, the hackney is a most useful animal. The hackney is really one of the best road and general driving families yet brought into prominence. It is to these qualities that add the speed from a trotting eye, or even reverse it, and to the speed of a trotting eye add the speed of a trotting eye, and the hackney will not produce come better than being the ideal road horse.

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